

# THE SILENT WORLD

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No. 14.

## A HELPING HAND.

OH! if it be that sweet success has crowned  
Thine efforts, and that fame  
Has traced upon her consecrated ground  
The record of thy name,  
  
Be not unmindful of the cheerless fate  
Of those who, toiling still,  
Have missed the path, or found it all too late,  
To hope they can fulfill  
  
The promise of their golden days of youth,  
When all seemed fair and bright,  
And nought was wanting—save the ray of truth  
To guide their footsteps right.  
  
And when thou canst a wand'ring brother guide,  
Or help him on his way,  
Let nothing turn the noble act aside,  
Or cause thee to delay.  
  
For toil is hard, and perseverance rare,  
And failure frequent, too;  
And those who would succeed, have much to dare  
As well as much to do.  
  
And help from those who stand aloft, secure,  
Is ever doubly blest,  
Enabling those who win not, to endure,  
And leave to God the rest.

—*The Month.*

## HOW HUBERT FOUND "GOD'S FOLKS."

IT was a hot July afternoon, and Hubert was plowing in the cornfield. The furrows were very wide and deep, for he never did anything by halves. That was a characteristic of his, although he was only a poor, uneducated deaf boy taken to raise, ten years before, by Samuel Hart, a third-rate farmer, from a miserable, dirty, little house where he had drifted after the death of his parents had left him friendless and homeless. But the feelings, sensibilities, and mind under his straw hat were such as make up the princes of the earth when rightly directed and cultivated. So even bound down as it was, his inner life living but the shadow of its promise, it would have been wholly incomprehensible to the coarse, unsympathizing couple with whom he lived, if it had been laid bare to their gaze. It was a life of chaffing and unrest, of intense longing and desire, of bitter tears and sweet memories, for it had a background totally unknown to the man who had taken pauper Hubert to care for, with a view to dollars and cents. It was a background with the pure, loving face of a woman in it, a woman with sweet, low tones whom he called mother; and stretching away from that the shadowy outlines of other memories. Of a father and a cottage home with trees, flowers, and running water, with the bliss of love and joy running like a golden thread through it all until the shadows came. They brought sickness and death for the father, sickness and deafness, silence and darkness for him, the dear little home under the hammer, and, last of all—remembered always in clear, shining red—the summons for the mother-face, mother-touch, and mother-love, which went away one dreary November morn, leaving him alone. And such desolate loneliness! Hubert always stopped here to let the bitter tears flow. Indeed, there was nothing beyond. All the years since of his coarse, hard labor had only been a living over of this. He remembered from the stories at his mother's knee, the idea of God and Heaven, but all the glories of the latter place

resolved themselves into the image of his mother with God watching tenderly over her. Ever standing out (in his memory) in bold relief was the image of his mother's face. Nothing ever dimmed or marred it. But the restless brain and affectionate nature could not move round and round this one glimpse of the life where there is knowledge, home, love, and mother without unutterable longings to know that life again. The dull eyes of farmer Hart and his wife being unable to read the demands of any fine and high nature, certainly did not see them in a deaf boy whose only province in life they supposed to be to eat, drink, sleep, and work. So they did not see the hungry looks when he handled a book or newspaper, nor the longing in his heart when he saw a mother caress her child, nor how these things made all the forces of a hungry, ten-ler, passionate nature gather themselves up to lash into fierce pain the demands of a starving mind and soul.

When Hubert was fifteen, there came a change. A family moved into the neighborhood, whose son, about Hubert's age, was deaf. This was a wonderful discovery to him, but not half so wonderful as the later one—that he had been to school, and could read and write. Not even Samuel Hart could mistake the eager light of inquiry and desire in Hubert's eye after this revelation brought light and hope for darkness and despair. But he was not pleased to see it there. Like many of the ignorant in rural districts at that time, he had never heard of a place to educate the deaf and dumb, and his inordinate greed crushed all kindlier feelings that plead with him to let Hubert go back with his friend to school. For would he not lose his valuable labor through those years and all control of him in the years beyond? No, no, Hubert could not go to school; and another year went by with bitterness and hatred in his heart in addition to the old unrest. He had strange, sullen fits and angry, rebellious moods hitherto unknown, and especially since his deaf friend had come home again from school. Only that morning, he had made frantic endeavors to tell how very much he wanted to go too, only to meet with the old repulse. Then he blazed out in such fearful wrath that his punishment had been the most cruel he had ever known, and he had paced dejectedly up and down the cornfield all day, thinking over these things with that fierce sense of wrong that leads to mighty resolutions. He would go away. Somewhere, some place he would find those who would understand and give him what would satisfy the cravings within. Perhaps he would never reach that place; but hunting for it were better than staying here.

That night a figure stole quietly out of the gate, and paused irresolutely for a moment out in the road, with the choking sensation in the throat that comes from every heart whose tendrils twine easily, on leaving any object with which it has long been associated; then pushing the hat down over the eyes, it moved rapidly away. We can not follow Hubert in all the tortuous windings of the next month's wandering, nor tell how he slept in fields, woods, barns, and sheds, only now and then in a nice soft bed, nor of his brief sojourn in the cold, cruel city of which he had expected so much, but which not only failed to understand him, but was in too much of a hurry to try. Poor Hubert! He was a long time in reaching "God's folks," which to him meant somebody that would understand. So one night, late in August, we find him out under the stars again, leaving the hot, dusty, selfish city behind with a sigh of relief. To go back to the old life? No, that were worse than

death; but to go on and on to the end, if he did not reach the somewhere or some place he sought before. So with hope almost dead and the old enthusiasm crushed out of his spirits, he took up the tramp again, down green country roads with the glories of summer revealing themselves softly in the bright moonlight, unlocking his dulled sense to what seemed a new and exquisite enjoyment. But only for a time, for he soon grew intolerably foot-sore and weary, and oh! so desolately lonely. The quiet farm-houses with their home-look and the sleeping cattle all along the way only seemed to proclaim in drearier echoes, "I alone am a wanderer." It must have been after midnight when he sat down on the banks of a noisy, little stream to rest. He could see the water rippling in the moonlight, and remembered suddenly how it used to gurgle and purl over the white stones at the foot of his mother's garden. Remembered it with that indescribable thrill that we feel when memory comes and without warning, uncovers the face of the beloved dead. How cool the water looked! And then he began to wonder how it would feel rippling over his face—his cold, dead face. Was it an invisible hand which held him back, or the recollection of the Hereafter taught him by his mother? Perhaps: maybe God wanted him to live long enough to learn that the good and the true are real and to be found in the world. So he crept away after a while, to the back porch of a rambling farm-house, and lay down to sleep. He had done that often before; sometimes taken in and cared for kindly when discovered; at others driven away as one of those "detestable deaf-mute beggars." When the sun rose, the cheery voice of farmer Brighton might have been heard calling out to his wife, as he opened the back-door:

"Halloo! Janet, what have we here?" Then as the figure did not stir, "I declare the fellow sleeps like a log. Halloo, I say," with a gentle touch with the foot which brought Hubert to his feet, rubbing a sleepy, but not unprepossessing looking countenance. Indeed, it might have been called a very attractive one, if it had not lacked that mysterious something that comes only with the conscious possession of knowledge and its power. But there was something in it any way that strangely attracted farmer Brighton. He could not analyze the mysterious influence it exerted over him. Where had he seen it? Yet, even if he had not liked his face, he would not have sent him away. Not only was he one of "God's folks," but up stairs there was another dark-eyed deaf boy, his first-born, over whom he had wept such bitter tears of sorrow and disappointment years before. So after Hubert had made his simple toilet, he invited him to the first bountiful breakfast the poor boy had eaten for days, watching him narrowly all the time. At last he started so violently, as some little occurrence brought a perfectly natural and easy smile to Hubert's face, that his wife exclaimed, "Well, George, what is it? Have you discovered something at last by your close scrutiny?" He did not answer immediately, but seemed to be in a very deep study. At last he spoke very excitedly and hurriedly, "It is too absurd to imagine, and yet it may be. Janet, did you know his eyes, his expression, his slender form are the counterpart of my sister Cassie's, of whom you have heard me so often speak, and I firmly believe he is her child. You know I caught the gold fever, and went off to Australia, just after her marriage, and remained there in the fruitless search for wealth, until I accidentally heard that she had been left a widow with a deaf child, when I hurried back, only to find her and her husband's graves in different states, and no trace of the child, whom I at length concluded must be dead too. Cassie and I had no relatives in the state in which we were left parentless; and after a long and diligent search among strangers for the boy, whose sex and age I knew from information received at his birth, I gave up the fruitless task, married you, and settled down here. Let me see. If living, he must be sixteen, and this boy can

not be more than that. I am confident it is he; and if he only recognizes his mother's portrait which hangs in the parlor, I will not have the shadow of a doubt. The miniature from which it was drawn, was taken just before I sailed, and she could not have looked much older when she died." All was now excitement and commotion around the farmer's table. The children had listened in gaping wonder and with exclamations of surprise, and all now instinctively moved towards the parlor. They hung the portrait so that Hubert's eye fell upon it as soon as he entered the room. At the sight of the fair, girlish face so full of rare tenderness, he stopped as if suddenly deprived of the power of volition. His knees trembled, his face became ashy pale, he locked his hands tightly together and closed his eyes as the flood gates of memory drove unaccustomed tears down his cheeks; then stretching out his arms, he articulated, with unutterable pathos, the one word—"mother!" which he had never forgotten how to speak in all these years. He had found it at last, poor boy—the "some place" where there was love, home, knowledge, and mother, after a weary journey of two hundred miles. We need not follow him through all the golden school years at present. Perhaps, sometime, if you wish it, we will tell you more of Hubert.

LAURA.

#### THE CONVENTION OF ARTICULATION TEACHERS AT WORCESTER.

THE second Convention of articulation teachers of the deaf and dumb met in Worcester, Mass., on Saturday, June 13.

Besides a large number of teachers, there were also present several deaf-mutes and many visitors interested in the amelioration of the condition of the deaf and dumb, including the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of New York. Professor A. Graham Bell, of the Boston University, was elected Chairman and Miss Bond, of the Boston School for deaf-mutes, Secretary. But little of general interest occurred during the forenoon session, the time being chiefly devoted to a conversational interchange of views and experiences between the different teachers as to the most efficacious methods of teaching articulation and lip-reading to the deaf. The experience of all concurred in one point, viz.: that semi-deaf children should not be allowed, if possible, to mingle with the congenital deaf, but should be compelled to associate exclusively with persons possessing the power of speech. Where they mingle with the congenital deaf, they are apt rapidly to lose what power of speech they possess and betake themselves to using the sign-language. This separation of the two classes would, of course, necessitate the establishment of different schools for each.

The exercises of the forenoon session closed with the Secretary reading an interesting account of a visit to the recent graduating exercises of the Newton Theological Seminary, written by Miss Alice Jennings, a pupil in the Boston Day-School for deaf-mutes. Miss Jennings labored under the disadvantage of occupying a side seat, where she could not obtain a full front view of the speakers. Nevertheless, she was able to read the lips of the speakers with such accuracy that she understood the substance of every address. In some cases, she scarcely missed a sentence. The account was well written, and showed that the writer possessed extremely good powers of expression.

The exercises of the afternoon session were of more general interest than those of the morning, and called out many of the citizens of Worcester. Two papers, one a translation from the Spanish, the other from the French, on the education of the deaf in articulation and lip-reading, were read. Professor Bell made an address, giving an account of a new method of investigating the mechanism of speech, invented by Mr. Oakley Coles, of England. He covers the whole of the upper parts of the mouth with a mix-

ture of mucilage and flour. He then articulates a sound. Wher-  
ever the tongue has come in contact with the upper parts of the  
mouth, the flour is removed from the upper part and deposited on  
the tongue. Plates were exhibited, giving the results of some of  
Mr. Coles' experiments.

Professor Bell then stated that by the kindness of Professor Cross, of the Boston Institute of Technology, he was enabled to exhibit the apparatus, called the Manometric Capsule, that might prove of assistance to articulation teachers.

The Manometric Capsule was invented by Scott and Koenig, of Paris, for the purpose of rendering the vibrations of sound visible. It consisted of a little box divided into two compartments by a thin membrane. One compartment was filled with gas which was lighted at a burner. The other communicated with a speaking tube. The vibrations of the gas were visible in the flame. On examining the reflection of the vibrating flame in a mirror which was kept rapidly revolving, very beautiful effects were observed. When different consonant and vowel elements were sounded in the tube, different forms appeared in the mirror. The other instrument, intended to record the vibrations of sound on a glass slide, was called the "Phonautograph." It was also invented by Scott and Koenig, but had lately been improved by Mr. Morey, of the Boston Institute of Technology. A large number of glass slides containing the different curves, drawn by this instrument for the various elements of speech, were exhibited to the audience.

After the address, the Convention appointed a committee to ar-  
range for the next Convention and adjourned.—*Boston papers.*

#### ANOTHER FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

LAST Saturday evening, another fatal occurrence took place on the Western Maryland Railroad, at the crossing of the Middleburg pike, just where the little girl had her legs cut off a few weeks ago. This time the sufferer was an old colored man, named Jim. He was a very good old man, and had nursed the present wife of Mr. John H. Heyser, to whom he was much attached. He had, a few years ago, lived with Mr. Heyser, but had more recently been working in the iron ore bank near Elk Ridge Landing. He was entirely deaf and dumb, and blind of an eye; and only on Friday night had come back to Mr. Heyser's, and obtained permission to live to the end of his days—a single day it proved—on his farm. On Saturday, after supper, he came to town, and at 8:10, as the train then due, was about to cross the pike, having already whistled, he made his appearance just at the crossing. Mr. George Hamburg, who was also about to cross, and had stopped at the whistle, saw the old man going on regardless of it; not knowing that he was deaf, he jumped forward and seized him by the shoulder and pulled him back; but the old man—doubtless thinking the interference impertinent, and neither seeing nor hearing anything unusual—shook him off and went ahead, and when just on the rail, made a kind of pause, at which instant he was struck by the locomotive and knocked high up in the air with his head crushed and arm broken—a lifeless mass. The peculiarity of his conduct and persistence in going over the track suggested to some the probability of a design to commit suicide; but when his physical condition and perfect contentment with life—assured as he was of a good home, and with \$11 in his pocket—come to be considered, it is unjust to attribute such a purpose to him. His death was, no doubt, caused by his physical infirmities and his ignorance of the movement of the trains.—*Hagerstown (Md.) Mail, July 3.*

LAST week, some of the teachers of the New York Institution went to Coney Island, where they got up an impromptu pic-nic, and had a good time generally.

#### A CURIOUS STORY OF RECOVERING A LOST VOICE.

The *Springfield Republican* tells a curious story of the way in which A. B. Leonard, a dumb man, at Southbridge, Massachusetts, recently recovered his voice, which he lost about a year ago, after an attack of cerebro-spinal meningitis. A few mornings ago, he was awakened about four o'clock by a sense of oppression and faintness. He became conscious enough to understand that gas was escaping from a coal stove, and that he would soon die unless he could get to fresh air; so, after many falls and tumbles, he gained the outside door, when he fainted, but was soon aroused by the lapping and tugging of a faithful Newfoundland dog. Then the thought came to him that his wife and child were in the house, and though he had not spoken for months, he called loudly for help, his cries, united with the howls of the dog, soon rousing a neighbor, to whom he told his troubles, and again fainted, and was insensible for two hours. On recovering, he was unable to talk, but the doctor on hearing the case, ordered him to visit the gas-house and breathe the air in the purifying room. After spending an hour and a half there, he could talk in a whisper, and since then has the perfect use of his voice.

#### THE HABIT OF READING.

"I HAVE no time to read," is the common complaint, and especially of women, whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book perusal. They seem to think, because they can not devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they can not read anything. But this is a great mistake. It is n't the books we finish at a sitting which always do us the most good. Those we devour in the odd moments, half-a-dozen pages at a time, often give us more satisfaction, and are more thoroughly digested than those we make a particular effort to read. The men who have made their mark in the world, have generally been the men who have, in boyhood, formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours.

It is the habit of reading, rather than the time at our command, that helps us on the road to learning. Many of the most cultivated persons, whose names have been famous as students, have given only two or three hours a day to their books. If we make use of spare minutes in the midst of our work, and read a little, if but a page or a paragraph, we shall find our brains quickened and our toil lightened by just so much increased satisfaction as the book gives us. Nothing helps along the monotonous daily round so much as fresh and striking thoughts, to be considered while our hands are busy. A new idea from a new volume is like oil which reduces the friction of the machinery of life. What we remember from brief glimpses into books, often serves as a stimulus to action, and becomes one of the most precious deposits in the treasury of our recollection. All knowledge is made up of small parts, which would seem insignificant in themselves, but which, taken together, are valuable weapons for the mind and substantial armor for the soul. "Read anything continuously," says Dr. Johnson, "and you will be learned." The odd minutes which we are inclined to waste, if carefully availed of for instruction, will, in the long run, make golden hours and golden days that we shall be ever thankful for.

J. K. FORAN, of Midland City, Michigan, is one of the employees of the Saw and Shingle Mill Co. at that place, and earns good wages. Five other deaf-mutes live in the city and vicinity. One of them is married to a deaf-mute lady, and has two fine little girls who can hear and speak. All but one, Mr. B. W. Ball, were educated at the Michigan Institution.

## THE SILENT WORLD.

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WASHINGTON, JULY 15, 1874.

On account of the trouble and expense, we have decided that in future we shall give no more chromos as premiums. After this date, the subscription price of THE SILENT WORLD will be \$1.50 per year, in advance. Our subscribers may rest assured that we shall do our best to make the paper itself worth all and more than the money paid for it. It is possible that some who are entitled to chromos, have been overlooked; and if any such will inform us of the omission, we will endeavor to have the mistake rectified. All who sent money for subscriptions up to date (July 15), are entitled to chromos, except, perhaps, one or two who delayed renewing more than three months beyond the date of the expiration of their old subscription.

FROM the Secretary of the Clerc Memorial Union, we learn that the dedication ceremonies of the monument are likely to take place on the 2d of September next. The Committee of Arrangements, Messrs. Syle and Newell and Messrs. Weeks and Bird, the local Committee, are making arrangements for that day. Mr. James Denison will deliver the oration and Rev. W. W. Turner will offer prayer. The other details are not yet completed, but it is probable there will be a banquet in the evening. The Committee are endeavoring to secure excursion tickets on the main lines of railroad, good for a month, and also the usual reduction at hotels. Full details of the arrangements will be issued by the Committee in a week or two.

OVER \$2,800, clear of expenses, are reported by the Treasurer of the Clerc Memorial Union; and most of it is in his hands, having been forwarded since the 1st of July. Contributions are still coming in, and it will be well if they continue to do so, for there may be unforeseen expenses for which it is well to provide. In fact, we should be glad to see the sum contributed, go so far beyond all expenses as to provide a contingent fund, the income of which might be used to keep the memorial in repair. The lamentable state of the Gallaudet Monument shows the need of such foresight, and we hope that at the coming gathering, measures will be taken to provide a fund large enough to fully restore the latter memorial, and keep both in good condition hereafter.

IT will be remembered that some time ago, orders were solicited from the friends of Mr. Clerc, for copies of a photograph, the proceeds of the sale of which were to go to increase the fund for the Clerc Monument. Mr. W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn., who had charge of the plan, writes us that only twenty copies have been ordered; and that will put nothing in the fund; as the price to be paid the photographer who prints them, is \$25 per hundred. The sale of each hundred would put \$25 into the fund. It seems really humiliating to think that out of the hundreds all over the country, who profess friendship for Mr. Clerc and reverence for his memory, only twenty are willing to pay the paltry sum of fifty

cents for a really good likeness of him. That it is a good likeness—wonderfully so—all who knew Mr. Clerc unite in saying; and it would appear that this fact alone, without considering the small price asked or the use that is to be made of the profits, would call forth hundreds of orders. Perhaps there is a feeling among individuals that enough has already been secured for the monument. However this may be, it will be well to remember that the amount thus far raised, is, at most, not more than enough to meet the expenses already contracted for. It is always better to have too much than too little; and there are more ways than one in which a surplus could be advantageously spent. We hope that every one who can afford it, will send to Mr. Weeks for at least one copy.

### THE ANNALS FOR JULY.

THIS number leads off with an interesting article on the California Institution by its Principal, Mr. Wilkinson. It is finely illustrated with a general view of the Institution and plans of the first and second floors. The special features of this very complete and well-appointed building are clearly pointed out by Mr. W. and the faults in its construction are unhesitatingly revealed that those who build elsewhere, may avoid their repetition. The series of articles, of which this on the California Institution is one, will be of value to the projectors of new schools, and we are glad to see them so carefully written.

Dr. E. M. Gallaudet's paper in the Report of the Commissioner of Education, on the "Results of Articulation Teaching at Northampton," is printed from advance sheets. In it he expresses the opinion, formed as one of the results of his observation, that persons totally deaf from birth, "may acquire such a degree of fluency and readiness in oral utterance and lip-reading as shall compensate for the time and labor necessarily involved in imparting these powers"; but that deaf-mutes educated in and by articulation, do not "acquire the power of using correct written language more rapidly and perfectly than those educated under the system which makes large use of the language of signs and the manual alphabet, discarding articulation"; and that it is not "desirable or important to attempt to teach the entire number of deaf-mutes to speak and read from the lips"; nor "is it practicable or desirable to dispense with the language of signs and the manual alphabet in the instruction of deaf-mutes." At the same time, he strongly urges the importance of teaching articulation and lip-reading to all who give fair promise of attaining success therein; and that the semi-mute and the semi-deaf should, of course, have the benefit of thorough instruction in articulation and lip-reading.

Mr. H. W. Syle contributes some "Practical Notes on School Libraries," which are the valuable outgrowth of his experience in collecting and cataloguing books for the library of the New York Institution. He holds the very just view that the great object of teachers is to persuade pupils that pleasure is to be derived from books, and thus induce in them a habit of seeking it thence; and for this reason, thinks that in the selection of books for pupils in their first, second, third, and fourth years, preference should be given to those treating of every-day topics, which are written in the simplest language that can be framed, and are brief, idiomatic, and profusely illustrated. He says that he has found a large number of books meeting these requirements in the stock of the American Tract Society and some among those of Routledge & Sons, Warne & Co., and the Religious Tract Society. Mr. Syle thinks small sum should be expended annually for the illustrated newspapers, and that they should be preserved in a binder. And he is of the opinion that teachers should aid their pupils in the selection of books, and take special pains to teach *how to read*; for, as

he justly observes, there is no habit more worthy of encouragement, no art better deserving to be taught."

The other articles in this number are one on the system of teaching pursued in the Institution for Improved Instruction, New York, by Mr. D. Greenberger, its Principal, the address of President Gallaudet delivered on the Presentation Day of the Deaf-mute College in April, which has already been presented to our readers, and Reviews of Reports of Institutions, of Recent Publications, Institution Items and Miscellaneous Items by the Editor. In the Reviews of Reports, it is essayed to place side by side, the opinions of the heads of the various Institutions on the principal topics treated of in their reports. It is a very interesting juxtaposition, and not only interesting but convenient for reference.

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[CORRESPONDENCE.]

FROM NEW YORK.

On Thursday, June 18th, the Manhattan Literary Association was favored with a lecture on "Progress" by Mr. O. W. Morris. It was very interesting. Mr. Morris compared the condition of the arts, sciences, and manufactures of the present day with those of a hundred years ago, and clearly showed the wonderful progress that has been made in all during that time.

The lecture concluded, Dr. Gallaudet surprised those present with the announcement that Mr. J. R. Burnet had died that morning at his home in New Jersey. From his daughter I learn, he died of heart-disease. Mr. Burnet had been subject to fits for several years past, and his friends were unable to ascertain the direct cause, but attributed it to over-exertion. It is now clear that it was from the disease which ultimately proved his death.

Mr. Burnet had finished his labors at the Institution. His class had been examined, and nothing further remained for him to do. He had gone to his farm in New Jersey, there expecting to spend the remainder of his days in peace. He was not there long, not over a day, when he went to sleep, and woke no more in this world.

To-day, June 24th, the closing exercises of the New York Institution took place. The exhibition was mainly confined to written addresses and answers to questions by the High Class and pantomime illustrations by Patrick Breman.

The former, judging from the frequent applause, acquitted themselves creditably to their teacher and themselves. Little Breman made many a grave face break into a smile by his illustration of the gentleman who shaved himself, went out, and returned to find his pet monkey dead, his throat cut from ear to ear with his own razor and his face besmeared with lather, showing that the monkey had endeavored to follow his master's example only at the cost of life.

The usual presentation of diplomas and certificates, together with prizes, took place. The gold medal, for which all the graduates had strived, was carried off by Miss Maggie T. Bennett, who, as she was turning from the platform, after receiving it, had a large and fragrant bouquet thrown at her feet. This is the first lady or gentleman graduate who has been thus favored for a number of years, and she may well feel proud of the compliment.

In the evening, Dr. and Mrs. I. L. Peet gave a farewell to the graduates, past and present, at their home just beyond the Institution grounds. It was a very pleasant affair, and enjoyed immensely by all present. At a late hour, the guests dispersed; some to go to the Institution, others to go home in the city.

New York, June 24, 1874.

EUREKA.

AT a meeting of the Trustees of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes held in New York, April 29th, 1874, a Committee was ap-

pointed for the purpose of raising funds for building a National Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes.

The following gentlemen constitute the Committee: Mr. John Carlin, Chairman; Charles A. Newell, Jr., Secretary; William O. Fitzgerald, Treasurer; Henry J. Haight, James Lewis, Franklin Campbell, and Gustav Fersenheim.

The Committee propose carrying out the object in the following manner: One or more resident agents are to be appointed in each state. These resident agents are to be vested with the power of appointing as many sub-agents as they may think proper. The resident and sub-agents are to solicit and collect donations and contributions from all who may be willing to aid the project. The sub-agents are to be accountable to the resident agents for all moneys received, and the resident agents to the Treasurer.

Written forms of acceptance have been printed, also circulars for agents, and certificates and instructions for the resident agents. In accepting an appointment, the resident and sub-agents bind themselves to perform their duties "faithfully, honestly, and diligently." In case of failure, they are to be replaced by more competent persons.

The idea was first conceived by Mr. James Lewis, and seemed so feasible that it was at once acted upon, with the above results. It is a source of regret that I have to chronicle the fact that Mr. Lewis has, for a few weeks past, been out of his mind. Brooding a little too much over monetary matters had the effect of rendering him partially insane. His insanity is of a harmless character, and does not necessitate his removal to an asylum at present. It is hoped he will be able to resume his duties in his business in a few weeks, by September at furthest.

He is spoken of highly by his employers, and they regret losing his services, and stand ready to take him back at his usual wages whenever his mental condition will warrant their doing so.

It is not every deaf-mute who has such a good record, and it would be well if every one would try and merit such esteem.

New York, July 7th, 1874.

EUREKA.

—  
PERSONAL.

JOHN H. LAMME, of Missouri, and formerly connected with the Preparatory Class of the Deaf-mute College, is going to California. We wish him success.

MR. SAMUEL T. LEE, the English deaf-mute, of whom mention was made lately, as being on a tour of the states, was in New York, and at the Institution, a few days ago. Before he left, he took a row on the Harlem river.

MR. J. L. NOYES, Superintendent of the Minnesota Institution, will spend a good part of the Summer in the East. He will be present at the Belleville Convention, and also at a Convention of teachers of the blind to be held in August at Batavia, N. Y.

GEORGE WING, of Bangor, Maine, and now a teacher in the Minnesota Institution, is spending his vacation in Maine. *The Faribault Republican* says of him: "If rumor is correct, we shall have the pleasure of announcing his return flight in due time with a duplicate wing."

WE recently had a long letter from B. W. Ball, another of the old pupils of the American Asylum. Mr. Ball was under the instruction of Rev. T. H. Gallaudet for a year and a half. He expects to spend a good part of the Summer at Midland City, Michigan, where his mother, now ninety-one years old, lives. He also hopes that his health will derive benefit from the mineral springs at that place. He speaks affectionately of Mr. Clerc, who was a good friend to himself and his mother, and hopes to be present at the dedication of the monument in August.

THE editor of *The Jackson (Miss.) Pilot* attended the closing exercises at the Mississippi Institution, and speaks very highly of the class instructed by John W. Scott, Deaf-mute College, '72. Mr. Scott himself is warmly commended for the diligent and punctual manner in which he discharges his duties.

MISS ELLEN BARTON, whom some of our readers may remember having met in Rochester at the Convention last August, sailed for England, July 8, to take charge of the deaf child of Mr. B. St. John Ackers, whose letter on the methods of deaf-mute instruction we reprinted from the *Annals* a short time ago.

#### HOW TO HELP YOUR NEWSPAPER.

THE following is from the editorial column of *The Journal*, and is applicable to all deaf-mute papers, especially at this season of the year, when the editor is apt to be even harder pressed than usual, on account of the dearth of institution news:

The editor of a newspaper for the deaf and dumb is not always an individual to be envied. He has his joys and sorrows, his favors, and his little annoyances in common with other editors. Like them he, too, wields a quill that pricks much oftener than it soothes, and he also wounds unintentionally, and on occasions, intentionally. He is like his brother of the hearing press in many things, and like him he must run the gauntlet of showers of useless manuscript. But in one respect he is different, it seems quite incredible, but it is true, in this, he seldom has enough material of the right kind to fill his columns with attractive and appropriate reading. But our readers will say, it is the editor's business to furnish such things. We grant this half truth, but would observe that it is all the more vexatious, because it is not the whole. For pray how is the editor to supply everything directly? He does not possess the power of being everywhere at the same time—and he can not, from the solitude of his sanctum, gaze upon the doings of the deaf-mute world, and in the same breath that he pens an editorial, be his own news-gatherer, correspondent, and reporter. No, the work must be distributed through many hands, each must contribute a little to make the grand and perfect whole. But it will be asked, how is this to be? How are the mites to be gathered and forged together, and what sort of an item is going to be acceptable? The answer is simple and the plan extremely easy of application. In every part of the country where this paper goes, events are constantly occurring which, if put down in a friendly letter to the editor, would form the substance of a very interesting column of items. Of course a simple letter does n't amount to much, but in the aggregate it is these little things that tell. We have received a few of this kind, and can not help longing for more; and if every reader would only write us whenever any little thing occurs, we can assure all that they would find our columns more interesting; and however their own little item might strike them in print, it would not fail of interest to others.

So once more we would ask our readers to send us all the news they can, and be it little or much, it will always be welcome.

IN several of the Sunday-schools throughout the Union, there are classes of deaf-mutes, conducted by intelligent deaf-mute ladies or gentlemen. Notable among these, is the class in a Sunday-school at Troy, New York, under the charge of Miss Elmina D. Clapp, a very intelligent young lady, and a graduate of the New York Institution. The class has an average attendance of about a dozen, and they are all much interested in the religious instruction. The Superintendent of the Sunday-school, Mr. Dachy, with true benevolence and appreciation, has prepared, for the especial use of the deaf-mutes, printed formulas, by which the exercises of the school

can be followed in union with those who hear. Among the pupils under Miss Clapp's charge, is a little girl, barely six years old, and Miss Clapp has made a specialty of her instruction, and with most gratifying results. Her father always accompanies her to church, and seems much pleased at the improvement of his little girl. When she is old enough, she will be sent to an institution for regular instruction. We were in Troy a short time ago, and visited the class on Sunday, making a few remarks to the scholars during our stay; we were much impressed, and shall not soon forget the pleasant time.—*Journal*.

THE Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf is financially in luck. The Manager has procured a lot of visiting cards with the manual alphabet on the back; they are put up in packs of twenty-five, and sell for twenty-five cents a pack. About a hundred packs were brought up to the New York Institution lately, and they went like hot cakes. Of the proceeds three-fifths go to the Home, and the balance to the printer.—*Journal*.

#### COLLEGE RECORD.

#### HOW SHALL I SPEND THE VACATION?

WE well remember the anxiety with which we viewed the approach of vacation when at school and in college—how we counted the months, the weeks, and finally the days and the hours before the long-wished-for closing day arrived; how the examinations seemed an all-but-insurmountable barrier in the way of our great happiness—the joyful and relief we felt when they were safely passed; and the excitement of getting off, and the journey home. And then—before the vacation was half through, we were as anxiously counting the time before we should go back again.

Why was it? We had a pleasant home and the kindest of friends. And yet before we had been there a month, we were tired of home and friends, and longing to be back to study and examinations again. It seems to us now that it was very much like eating rich French candy. The taste is certainly delicious at first; but we are soon sickened, and loathe what we before enjoyed so much. So with our vacations; we suffered them to be too rich. What did we do? Work? Certainly not; work of all things; we should like to have seen you catch us working. We loafed around doing nothing; but really working desperately; for no man works harder than he who "kills time."

A little loafing is, undoubtedly, a good thing; just as a little rich candy does no harm; and there is no question but that the man who has studied hard for nine months, needs rest and to loaf around a little, if it suits him. But it certainly is possible to have too much of a good thing; as the man who attempts to loaf all Summer will as certainly find before the Summer is half gone.

It never occurred to us during our vacations, that the time might come when we would wish we had a trade, or anything like one, to fall back on. For instance, we never thought how independent it would make us, if we found ourselves for any reason dissatisfied with the position we were filling, to be able to throw it up, and step right into, say, a printing office, and set type until we could get a better one.

And it happened, one or two Summers, that we did do a little light work. We did it because we had nothing else to do, and for the few dollars which it added to our pocket-money. We had no thought that the knowledge we gained in doing it, would, one day, qualify us to fill a very desirable position. And we were very much surprised and immensely pleased to find, as we did long afterward, that it was so. We do not need to add how heartily we wished we had spent a little less of those long vacations in loafing.

We would, by no means, have any one understand that we think it wise or desirable for a man to study hard nine months of the year, and work hard the other three. We would be the last to recommend such a course. But we do believe from our own experience, that the man who spends a part (how large a part, each one is best able to judge for himself), of his vacation in work of any sort, will not only enjoy himself more; but will be laying in stock that may be of the greatest service to him in the time which comes to us all, when we have no vacations.

THE ivy of '72 is more than six feet high, and growing finely.

An offer of \$100 by a gentleman in the city for that colt has been refused.

THERE is talk of a clock being put in the tower of the main building some time this Summer. Tardiness at prayers will not be tolerated another term.

THE President and Mr. Draper left on Wednesday afternoon, July 8th. They spent a few days at Watkins, N. Y., and then proceeded on their way to Belleville to attend the Convention.

WORKMEN are engaged tearing down and rebuilding the balconies outside of the Primary department windows, they having become somewhat decayed, and it being feared they might be unsafe.

PHILIP, the coachman, has two cats that are so tame that they may be seen almost any day following him around like dogs. They generally accompany him to and from his house when he goes over for his meals.

MISS PRATT and White left for their homes on Tuesday evening, July 7th. They parted company in New York, Miss Pratt going to her friends, and White exploring the city for the first time. It will be seen that he, at least, does not think an arm broken in three places any reason for losing much of a vacation. He spent one day in New York, and reached home safely the next.

WHITE's injuries were so far healed that he was able to walk to town on the evening before the Fourth of July, and to assist Carter and Craig the next day in their celebration, which was mostly confined to firing crackers. The day passed very quietly; but in the evening there was the most terrific tornado that has been known in Washington for years. Such was the force of the wind that, for some time, it was really dangerous to be exposed to it. Roofs were blown down and trees uprooted. Carriages that happened to be passing in the streets, were overturned in a number of instances. The spire of the Metropolitan Church, the tallest in the city, was blown fourteen inches from the perpendicular, and may have to be taken down and strengthened. No damage was done to the Institution property.

#### INSTITUTION NEWS.

##### NEW JERSEY.

INSTEAD of appropriating \$150,000, as *The Journal* says, the Legislature of New Jersey has only authorized a board of commissioners to select a site for the new institution, which shall contain at least twenty acres of ground, and procure plans for buildings, in which can be boarded and educated one hundred and fifty deaf and dumb children. These buildings are not to cost over \$100,000. This is proceeding at a small's pace, but doubtless New Jersey will have a good institution in time.

##### MARYLAND.

THE annual examinations began on the 18th inst., and continued one week. On the 23d, the annual meeting of the Board was held. Of the thirty-four members, about a dozen were present. The report of the Superintendent, Mr. Ely, was read and unanimously accepted. The public exhibition of the pupils was held on the same day, and notwithstanding the heat, the capacious chapel was crowded to repletion. The pupils sustained themselves very creditably; and all went away highly pleased with what they saw and heard. Several of the pupils will leave, but none have as yet completed the full course, the school having been established but five years.

The exodus of the pupils and teachers took place on the 25th. The school year will begin on the 3d of September. But one change in the corps of teachers is likely to occur, and that is in the Articulation Department.

Frederick City, June 24th.

M.G.

##### MYSTIC, CONN.

WHIPPLE'S Home School for Deaf-mutes is beautifully located near the united villages of Mystic River and Mystic Bridge, on a hill overlooking the country for miles around. It also commands a view of the eastern portion of Long Island Sound, including the whole length of Fishers Island, and a peep at the broad Atlantic, the whole making a view of rare loveliness. Besides being situated so near the saltwater, and at the same time at an elevation that takes it out of the region of fogs, the atmosphere is very pure and bracing, with a corresponding immunity from disease. The place is well adapted to the enjoyment of out-door sports, which exert so great an influence in the preservation of health.

At present, the school numbers seven pupils. Two of them lost their hearing at the ages of ten and thirteen, and can talk; but are learning to read the lips of others, and will thus be able to understand ordinary conversation. Three of the others were congenital mutes, and two lost their hearing after learning to talk, but spoke very imperfectly on entering the school. This young Institution originated from the incident of the grandfather of the present teacher having a son born deaf.

##### INDIANA.

"DOCTOR, what is the matter with that boy's face?" queried the nurse. "Measles" was the laconic reply. So the flat went forth three or four weeks before school closed, that the measles were to go through the Institution, unless we were uncommonly careful. The boys took them rapidly after the first two or three cases, had them well, and, with one exception, recovered in time to return home with the other pupils when school closed. Owing to the close of the session being so near, effort was made to keep the girls from taking them, but only with partial success; twenty-five or thirty taking them the last four days of the term. They were all doing well when the writer left, and by this time, are, doubtless, in their separate homes. There were about eighty-five cases in all.

Commencement day, this year, at our Institution, was on the 24th of June, but proved to be a "commencement" day to none in the High Class, which strike one as a strange fact, considering the large classes graduated the last few years from that department. One young lady belonging to the senior grade, was detained at home by sickness, and will, doubtless, return and graduate with the senior class next year. There were the usual number of graduates from the Primary department, and five admitted from the First Class into the High Class. The Institution has had a prosperous year on the whole; but a veil of sadness falls over the heart, as we think of the vacant places made by the cruel death that "loves a shining mark."

Misses Locke, Dutch, and Morse, of the Illinois Institution, made us a visit shortly before the close of school. From the Wisconsin Institution, Mr. Phillips, and another gentleman, whose name we do not remember, but who gave us much amusement by exercising his power to read or follow the thought of others. Blind-folded he found in this way a bunch of keys under a hat in another room, spelled a word out by using letters on the doors of the library shelves, and selected out of a large company, a young lady wearing a certain color; all these things being in the mind of the person whose thoughts he was following. In my last news letter, I said our library contained nearly 2,000 volumes instead of nearly 3,000, the real number.

LAURA.

##### OHIO.

SCHOOL closed here on the 17th ult., and upon our arrival from Washington, we found the grand and stately walls of our former *alma mater* wearing a decidedly deserted appearance. All the teachers, with one exception, who reside outside of the city, have left for their homes, while the most of those who live here, have gone off jaunting, intending, of course, to have a jolly time while released from the onerous and difficult exercises of school routine.

Clearing up and repairing the house is the order of the day about the building, and it will require a vast amount of labor to get it in trim for the reception of pupils at the opening of school in September.

I notice that an improvement about the grounds has been inaugurated since my last visit to the Institution, which will prove a convenience to all concerned; this is the putting up of lamp posts at various points and the erection of benches under the shade trees, thus rendering them a pleasant resort to the pupils for conversation, etc., when not otherwise engaged with school duties.

The State binder in connection with the Institution, besides being the means of a great saving to the State, acts also as an agent in teaching the pupils a trade werewith, after leaving their *alma mater*, they can readily earn an honorable living, without being dependent on others for subsistence. At present, eleven deaf-mutes are employed in the bindery, a larger number than at any previous time since the concern was established here, and all are obtaining fair wages.

Mr. R. H. Kinney, formerly an instructor here, but now Superintendent of the Nebraska Institution for deaf-mutes, arrived at our

Institution Friday evening, and will remain a few days to visit old acquaintances. From here, he goes to New York.

Mr. Matthew G. Raffington, one of the teachers here, sailed on the 26th ult., from New York to Jamaica, where, I believe, he has a brother living, and will be absent until school re-opens.

Matrimony has claimed another of our teachers, and there are prospects of several others following in the same footsteps soon. The lucky one just gone off, was Miss Linnie Cross, who has taught in the Institution the past year. The ceremonies took place upon Tuesday, the 23d ult. Mr. Sumner Nash, the gentleman she was married to, is a resident of Akron, Ohio, and is very highly spoken of.

I have been informed that Miss Rosa O. Gildersleeve, who formerly taught here, has been appointed to the position made vacant by the resignation of Miss Cross.

The Canada, 15th of July, Convention will not have a large representation from this Institution. I have heard of but four persons who have positively signified their intention of going; among them, Superintendent Fay.

Columbus, Ohio, July 15th, 1874.

A. B. G.

#### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

CHICAGO hopes to build up a trade in prairie hay with England, one car-load having already been sent to experiment with in the manufacture of paper.

One riot, six brutal affrays, thirty-five fires, forty children seriously wounded, at least three persons killed outright, and one child burned to death, form the total of the casualties consequent on the celebration of the Fourth of July in New York city and Brooklyn.

One of the Athol (Mass.) schoolma'ms, says the local paper, adopts a novel method of punishment. Offenders of either sex and all ages are compelled to lie down flat on the floor, face downward, with arms stretched out at right angles to the body. The victims are not allowed to glance sideways, even for a moment, and "nosing" the floor forms their only occupation. And this school is one of the best managed in the whole town, it adds.

The former Chief of Police of Terre Haute, Ind., was recently married under unusual circumstances. His little son, tired of living without a mother, suggested to his father the lady whom he would accept as a step-mother. The lady was sought, and listened to the singular proposition. She awakened her little daughter and laid the subject before her. The child consented to her mother's marriage, and it took place the very next day.

A treasure trove was discovered in a singular manner at old Fort Fillmore, New Mexico, a short time since. A boy found a gold dollar on an ant-hill in the old commissary building. The following day, three dollars were found in the same place. They had evidently been brought up by the ants. Search was made, and a small wooden box, badly decayed, containing 180 gold dollars, was found about a foot below the surface.

C. T. Butler, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes to New Haven paper that the first vessel ever driven by steam, was started on the Guadalquivir in 1493, while Columbus was prowling along the shores of the supposed Indies. Mr. Butler says that he has seen the original plans on parchment of the boat and engine by Don Blusco, the inventor, and that the engine is far simpler, and in its action more direct, than any he has ever seen in this country. The King had the vessel and machinery broken up as the work of the devil.

The Icelanders, as our readers know, are to celebrate the thousandth anniversary of the settlement of their island during the present Summer, and have taken the 1st of August as the proper day, in the absence of any indications as to the precise date. The colonists were, for a long period after their emigration, lost sight of by the rest of the world, and their island had no place on the charts of Northern navigators. The Danish Government now contributes to the occasion a new charter, based on the Danish constitution of 1849, which gives to a local legislature, called the Althing—consisting of thirty-six members, thirty chosen by liberal thought not universal suffrage, and six nominated by the crown—exclusive jurisdiction of local concerns, with a minister holding the executive power resident at Copenhagen, and appointed by the King, but responsible to the legislature. His functions, however, in all matters of pressing importance, will be exercised by a Governor residing in the island. This closes a long and bitter contest between the islanders and the Danish crown, as they have accepted the proffered charter in the most cordial terms, and the King, the first who has ever done so, goes out to be present at the celebration.

In this country, there is one doctor to every 618 of the population, while in France and England, there is only one to every 2,000.

"He fell dead, and expired in a few minutes" is the startling revelation made by a Georgia paper.

In Madison County, Ky., the other day, a man was arrested and fined \$5 for an unsuccessful attempt at suicide.

A splendid sapphire, valued at \$5,000, was recently found in Ceylon, and is to be presented to the Duchess of Edinburgh.

More than two thousand pieces of real estate in the city of Charleston, S. C., were last week forfeited to the State for the non-payment of taxes.

A new air machine was lately put into operation in the British House of Commons. By means of this apparatus, a constant supply of air, cooled to any required degree, even in the warmest weather, can be supplied at the rate of from 60,000 to 90,000 gallons, so that when the apparatus is working at its maximum, it is possible to renew the air without sensible draught, every ten minutes.

A diamond, said to be the largest yet discovered in the African diamond fields, is at present in the hands of the firm of Coster & Co., of Amsterdam, by whom it is being cut and polished. The stone weighs about 290 carats, and is of the purest water. Some months will probably elapse before the diamond is finished. Although it is impossible to estimate the exact value of the gem while still in its rough state, it is believed that should the stone, when finished, realize the expectations formed of it, its value will be at least \$100,000.

A left-hand writer in the *Scientific American* gives some reasons why it is better to write as he does. The hand is never in the way of vision. The pen point is always in plain sight, and so is the paper to be written on. There is, consequently, no inducement to stoop forward or to turn the head so as to throw the eyes out of focus. It is a common fault with those who write much that the left eye has a shorter range than the right. It is overworked and compelled to adapt itself to nearer vision. In writing with the left hand these evils are avoided. An upright posture is the easiest, and the eyes are equally distant from the paper.

The verdict of the coroner's jury in the Mill River disaster is a long one, and is divided into five heads, under which, in turn, the legislature, proprietors of the reservoir, the engineers who planned it, the contractors who built it, and the County commissioners who accepted it, are censured. The jurors say that the breaking away of the dam was "the natural and inevitable result of the delinquency of the several parties who were concerned in originating, planning, constructing, and approving for use the said dam and reservoir, not excepting the legislature itself, under whose authority the reservoir company acquired its chartered privileges."

A small dinner party was given in honor of an extremely shy man, who, when he rose to return thanks, rehearsed the speech which he had evidently learnt by heart, in absolute silence, and did not utter a single word; but he acted as if he were speaking with much emphasis. His friends, perceiving how the case stood, loudly applauded the imaginary bursts of eloquence whenever his gestures indicated a pause, and the man never discovered that he had remained the whole time completely silent. On the contrary, he afterwards remarked to my friend, with much satisfaction, that he thought he had succeeded uncommonly well.—*Darwin's Expression of the Emotions in the Face of Man and Animals*.

In San Francisco, the cars of a street railroad, carrying 3,000 passengers daily, are hauled up a grade, which, in a distance of 2,800 feet, makes an ascent of 208 feet, by means of an endless steel cable. The total length of the portion of the road which uses the steel chain to propel the cars, is about 3,500 feet, and it requires but three-quarters of a ton of coal daily for fuel for the engine which supplies the motive power. It is thought that the same machinery could be economically used to supply the motive power for street railway cars on level streets. Not only would the cost be much less than that of horse power, but there would be a great saving in wear and tear, while it is believed there would be no difficulty in attaining a satisfactory rate of speed. A great saving would be gained in stopping and starting, if this machinery should be found practicable for ordinary street railways. On the steepest ascending grade on the San Francisco road, the car can be stopped in a distance of 2½ feet; on the down grade in 5 feet. The time lost in stopping horse cars is estimated at 10 per cent. of the whole.